

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XXIV.

After this I went my way to the shop of a certain jeweler, "Under den Linden," and purchase the smallest wedding ring he has, and a keeper, in the selection of which I am so fastidious that it has grown quite dark when I leave the premises with the two rings in my pocket.

Mr. Gough's room is lighted up. I can see the gaselier with its five lights from the street, for the blinds are not drawn. I take my stand under one of those dingy limetrees which lend to the street its name, keeping those windows in my eye. "Maruscha will be dull, left all alone so long with the old man," I muse. "I have never been so long away from her. At this moment she is watching the door, listening for my step, and growing every moment more anxious and remorseful."

Her form appears at one of the windows. She encloses her face with her two hands, and peers out, a dark outline against the light. Her features are hidden from me; would that I could read them! Now I begin to pace up and down and turn over in my mind how I shall comport myself when at length Maruscha and I are together and alone. I am studiously polite—taciturn, calm, resigned, yet melancholy withal. I make no allusion to our disagreement of the morning, but confine my conversation to the beauty of the evening and my approaching departure. I propose that tomorrow, being our last day together, we should spend part of it in seeking for her a suitable lodging, as of course she cannot remain at Rosen's after I am gone. To show how entirely sincere I am, I will suggest a suitable locality. And what will Maruscha say? How act? I thrill with rapturous anticipation as I recall the finale of another difference we had. A series of enchanting pictures rise before me. My enjoyment of the concluding scene is intense. In that airy vision she is murmuring tearful self-reproaches, with her arms about my neck, which I repeatedly interrupt with my lips to hers, when I fall—plump!—from the realm of my sweet imaginings to the dusty lime avenue with "Hotel London" before me, at one of whose windows stands Maruscha, in her hat, and drawing on her gloves. She is preparing to leave the hotel alone.

In a few strides I am across the street and mounting the steps. In a few moments I am knocking at Mr. Gough's sitting room door.

"Come in!" sounds the old man's piping treble, and I enter.

Maruscha turns toward me and I had almost fallen out of my role at the onset. It is only by instantly removing my regard from her and concentrating it and my attention on Mr. Gough that I am enabled to check my rising emotions. Yet I still seem to see only that pathetic face of misery with its wide, blue eyes blurred with tears.

"Well, sir!" I exclaim with hard cheerfulness. "How have you done since I left you this morning?" I go forward to his couch in my professional capacity and feel his pulse.

"Oh, I say, bother!" he snaps impatiently, snatching away his hand. "Leave my pulse alone. It's as regular as clockwork, always is, always was—never varies! Where have you been all this time? There's Molly, poor lass, been crying her eyes out about you! More fool she, I tell her! Thought you'd gone off with another woman, or made away with yourself."

I hear a low, half-stifled contradiction of this latter statement from Maruscha; yet I still determinedly avoid looking in her direction.

"If you had given it a thought, Mr. Gough, my absence was easily accounted for. I have naturally many arrangements to make before we leave."

"Fiddlesticks!" he pipes contemptuously. "Don't think to deceive me. I know all about it; it's temper."

He doubtless sees the burning wrath mounting to my face, for he puts up his hand and quickly adds:

"Well, well, don't flame up! I'll say no more. It's not my concern. And now get you gone, she's waiting for you. Good night, both. I know you are dying to kiss and make friends."

Really this old Englishman's impudence is beyond a joke. "Sir—" I began.

"Come, come," he interposes, as if soothing a vexed child. "I know how matters stand, and you're a bit ruffled, as you're like to be. But I've been taking her in hand for you, and it's all right. I told her she had been a bad lass, and she promised to make amends. You'll find her as tractable as a pet lamb, so don't you go for to be too hard on her. And if she do kick over the traces a bit at first, let her have her fling. She'll spin along grand when once you have got her broken to harness!" The audacity of the remark robs me of the power of speech.

My first clear perception after its utterance is: how is Maruscha affected by it? I direct toward her a look of awful curiosity. To my amazement she breaks into a short, hysterical laugh. Her face is suffused with a vivid crimson flush. Her lips quiver with the conflicting emotions of grief and amusement, yet not a touch of anger. She steps quickly up to the old man and gives him her hand.

"Good night; sleep well, you most dreadful man!" she falters, and still that dubious flickering of mirth plays about her mouth. And as she hurries to the door, I am fain to hold my peace and follow her, only bestowing on Mr. Gough a parting look which I hope conveys with

it some suggestion of my unuttered and unutterable indignation.

On my way to the door I hear a peculiar, sustained noise which proceeds, I can only imagine, from the throat of Mr. Gough. It reminds me of the cackle of a hen. I have, however, no time to consider its meaning, for I have overtaken Maruscha, and we descend to the street together. I stalk along by her side, and during a considerable time there is silence between us. Gradually Maruscha's breathing becomes affected. She breathes short and fast, her hand goes to her side, and at length she halts.

"Vladimir! I pray thee go not so fast," she gasps, and tears are in her voice. "I—I am not well."

Where I get the moral strength to resist this pathetic appeal I know not, but I am enabled to reply with just as much concern as a brother might show to a sister under similar circumstances.

"Not well, Maruscha? I am sorry to hear it. Yet I am not surprised. The atmosphere in Mr. Gough's room was most oppressive. Perhaps thou wilt accept the support of my arm? I pray thee!"

She hesitates a moment whilst I hold it stiffly toward her, then she takes it. It is as if a fluttering bird had descended and was nestling on my arm. The longing to press it closely to my heart is almost irresistible; the sensation of that timid touch thrills me to pain, yet I let it lie there as if my arm were a senseless limb of wood.

Maruscha heaves a deep sigh. We proceed for some little way in silence until I prepare to lead her across the wide street to enter the Stein-Strasse on the opposite side. Then she arrests me.

"Vladimir, I think a little turn in the air would revive me," she says. "Unless—unless thou wouldst prefer—"

"By no means, Maruscha. And it is indeed a happy thought. The evening is lovely and the walk will do thee good. How art thou affected, Maruscha? Is it thy head?"

A gasping sob escapes her. "Yes, Vladimir; my head—and, and oh, Vladimir!"

The hand on my arm is instantly strained to my heart. No longer can I bear the fierce restraint and ere I am aware my favorite pet name for her rushes to my lips.

"My sweet dove!"

And I deliberately enclose her little trembling hand in my disengaged one. There is another long silence. I know she cannot speak now, she is furtively and silently getting rid of some tears. I lead her on and on until, for the second time to-day, the dark, dense trees of the "Thiergarten" are at one side of me. We are alone here, and I venture to carry the imprisoned hand to my lips. As Maruscha offers no resistance, I kiss it softly many times. Presently I whisper:

"Is thy head very bad, my own?"

"Yes—no—it is not my head at all. It is—it is—oh, I have been so miserable! And I have something to say!"

She makes the confession in a sort of desperate gush. "Mr. Gough has been talking to me, Vladimir. I told him everything. He says I am a bad lass." She attempts a little laugh, which ends in a sob. I give her an encouraging squeeze. "He is quite right, that is what I am."

"Thou art perfection!" I whisper. And, indeed, I think it. Perfectly charming to me now in retrospect is this morning's episode, since it has given to me this draught of absolute bliss.

"He has fully explained all to me, Vladimir, how needful—how imperative it is that thou shouldst—shouldst marry before going to England, and we owe so much to Mr. Gough that it seems absolutely wicked not to consider his wishes; and he says that he would be very much disappointed in me if I were to refuse, so I agreed." She hesitates and droops, then makes another effort. "He has promised—offered to wait three days—and the day after to-morrow—and—oh, Vladimir, it is so soon!"

I halt and catch her on my breast. "Tell me that I understand aright?" I say in agitated tones. "The day after to-morrow thou hast promised to become my wife?"

The answer comes tremulously and shy.

"If thou wilt take me, Vladimir."

It is the same evening. We have gone through the form of taking supper, and Rosen, with a lover's tact and sympathy, has left us sole possessors of his sitting room. We are seated together in very close proximity on the sofa. I take from my pocket a tiny cardboard box, and from it the rings. Maruscha goes into raptures at the sight of the keeper. I single out the third slender finger of her left hand, and try them both on. They fit exactly.

"It is a lucky omen, Maruscha!" I observe, as she sits looking down at them with a wistful smile. "Notwithstanding that I had no measure, they are a perfect fit."

A sudden thought seems to strike her. She looks up wonderingly into my face. "Hast thou bought them to-day?" she interrogates.

"Yes, Maruscha, to-day."

Her countenance falls.

"Ah, thou knewest all the time that I must yield!" she says, and there is disappointment and a touch of bitterness in her tones. "I am but a poor weak thing."

I tell a white lie—yes, it is a white one—for it spreads brightness over Maruscha's fair face again.

"Nay, I dared not even hope! How

could I? But I thought I might as well have the wedding ring by me against a future day. There seemed a sort of melancholy consolation in carrying about with me the golden symbol of thy troth."

She laughs, well pleased.

"Thou foolish boy!" she cries, resting her bright head on the very breast pocket wherein lies our marriage license. And I leave her in blissful ignorance of its presence there.

After this there falls on us a silence and a deep solemnity. I can read in Maruscha's pure features that she shares my feeling of awe at the wonder and magnitude of our happiness. Full well we know that it falls not to the lot of man to enjoy for long a bliss without alloy, and this may not endure. Yet now—now it is ours!

We look into each other's eyes, the tears tremble in Maruscha's, like drops of dew in blue forget-me-not stars. She sighs.

"Vladimir, we are too happy!" she breathes at length.

I clasp her to me in a close embrace, for my heart almost misgives me at her words. Then I feel her soft arms about my neck, and, as in a flash, my future lies revealed to me. A pleasing, anxious life, with its human cares and sorrows, with its storms and its sunshine, its disappointments and its triumphs, and at my side my loving and helpful Maruscha—my beloved wife, and I feel strong and confident.

"Never fear, Maruscha!" I cry. "We may not always be like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, yet I am not dismayed, for when we go hence, we go together. And we will work together under a free heaven and in the light of day, for the Valley of the Shadow lies behind us."

(The end.)

WHEN WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

Advice of a Lawyer What to Do Under the Circumstances.

The one pre-eminent thing for a person falsely accused of murder, burglary, arson, theft or any other of the grave offenses which constitute a felony, writes a lawyer, is to preserve an unbroken silence in the presence of his accusers, after he has said to them: "Gentlemen, I am not guilty. Now send for my lawyer, as the law explicitly requires you to do."

"But that is the course generally pursued by a guilty man. Am I, an innocent man, to assume a similar role?" some one may ask.

It is the only safe way to act; it is the course the law itself prescribes. In effect, the law says to the accused: "No human being on the face of the earth has any right whatsoever to question you in relation to any crime you may or may not have committed. No officer of the law, whether he be policeman or judge, has the slightest scintilla of right to endeavor to make you say something that will tend to incriminate you, or to lead the criminal authorities to draw the inference that you have so emmeshed yourself. You have one indisputable right from the time you are accused until the charge against you is finally disposed of—you need not answer a single question put to you by anybody; you need not make a single statement one way or another in relation to the offense with which you are charged."

Yet it is common practice for the police the moment they have made an arrest in a felony case, particularly if it be murder, to put the suspect through what has popularly come to be known as "the third degree." The man is dragged before a half dozen or more high officials, resplendent in the uniform and badges allowed them by the law; he is seated in their midst, and they tower threateningly over him as he is mercilessly quizzed and subtle and hypothetical questions are put to him in an attempt to make him so commit himself that the inquisitors can say: "Aha, we have caught the murderer. Behold in us great detectives, to ferret out the criminal so soon after the commission of the crime!"

The police have even gone so far as to suddenly confront the suspect with the instrument with which the murder was committed, or the victim's bloody clothing, and in not a few instances with the mutilated corpse itself. This they have done in the hope that the suspect, brought unexpectedly before something linked with the crime, will give some evidence of his guilt through shock, at least enough for the purpose of basing formal charges against him. Indeed the police are not always careful to inform a suspect of his legal right not to answer any question that may be put to him if he does not care to do so; and frequently, after he has been so instructed in a none too impressive manner, the poor man is literally browbeaten into making replies to his inquisitors' questions.

When your lawyer comes in response to your summons, proceed to tell him everything. Do not make the mistake of hiding anything from him. Lay bare your life to him, even though you expose your family skeletons thereby, if he deems it necessary for his guidance. Answer all of his questions fully and without evasion, and give him all the assistance you possibly can.

A lawyer has to depend largely or almost solely upon his client for the scheme of defense; and that client who conceals this thing or that may be sealing his own doom. Innocent though he be.

A tobacco heart is never associated with a cigarette head.



Too early breeding weakens the material forces of the sow, causing small and weak litters.

Heaves in Horses.

In mild and recent cases the heaves may often be cured entirely by turning the horse out to pasture for two or three months. If it is necessary, however, to work a horse affected with this trouble, he can be relieved greatly by feeding no hay except at night, and then only a small amount of clean and bright hay, entirely free from dust. If there is any danger of dust it is well to dampen it, but only bright hay should be given. Roots will be found helpful; beets, turnips, potatoes or anything of that sort that the horse will eat. The amount of water should be limited as much as possible, and no horse with heaves should be given water for one or two hours previous to going to work. Dr. Law recommends arsenic in five-grain doses daily, and continued from a month to two months, as especially valuable, and says that the bowels must be kept easy, by laxatives if necessary. By treatment of this sort a heavy horse can be greatly relieved. When the disease first comes on it will pay to turn the horse to grass, with the hope of effecting a cure at once and before the disease progresses to the extent where it becomes incurable.—Wallace's Farmer.

How to Winter Ducks.

Many who can raise ducks successfully have difficulty in wintering them, due, in the opinion of the writer, almost entirely to lack of ventilation and permitting the houses to become damp. The duck can stand more cold than chickens, provided the cold is of the dry kind; dampness makes trouble for them every time. In wintering ducks always provide a board floor, or, if the floor must be of earth, cover it to the depth of several inches with chaff and arrange the drinking fountains in a part of the house so that it will be practically impossible for the ducks to soil the chaff and wet it with water from the troughs. An excellent plan of ventilation is to divide the quarters into two rooms, each room having two opposite windows; then, each day drive the ducks into one room, closing the door between and thoroughly air the room they left, allowing the wind to blow through it for an hour or more; ventilate the other room on the same plan. Ducks treated in this manner as to their quarters will go through the winter in good shape and be strong, healthy breeders at the proper season.—Exchange.

Exercise the Stallion.

Stallions should be put to work and kept at work whenever not in active stud service and then they will be surer and have fewer returned mares to look after and can do a bigger business, says a correspondent of National Stockman. No stallion is too good to earn his oats behind a collar, and usually the more he earns there the more he is able to earn in the stud. One reason for the vitality and endurance of our trotting horses is that the sires were either raced or trained or driven a good deal of the time. The same is true of some imported draft horses, the French horses especially, which are worked at a year and half or two years old and as long as the farmer has them. The race of horses that is not worked may possess size and weight, but it will not have the power, the nerve and the get there and stay at it ability that it needs to perform hard work.

Changing a Vegetable's Nature.

A rather surprising experiment is reported as made at the Paris Academy of Sciences. Young radishes were cultivated in a glass retort after a peculiar process, using a concentrated solution of glucose. Under this treatment the vegetable took up starch abundantly and increased greatly in size and lost its peppery qualities, resembling closely in every way an ordinary potato. The imaginative Frenchman who relates the experiment suggests the possibility of producing various vegetables one from the other, or of securing artificial vegetable growth by chemical means.

Fence Rail Philosophy.

Knowledge is valueless if ignored. The man that saves his time saves his money.

A job that's worth doing is always worth doing about right.

Vim and vigor are the vital forces in achieving success.

The smallest event often becomes the greatest achievement.

To have a show in these days a man must be an accumulator.

It's no use denying when you've been outdone—better acknowledge the corn.

Hog Notes.
Milk and bran make an excellent slop.

A strong maternal appearance should be the first consideration in a brood sow.

No sow carrying her young should be allowed to become constipated.

The brood sow and the growing pig should not be fed as the fattening animal.

A sow may often be kept as a profitable breeder until she is seven years old.

It is an exceptional case where hogs can be wintered profitably in a dry lot on corn alone.

To obtain the best results a sow should be in good flesh and gaining, not overfed when bred.